



# This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the flight of James I. from London in 1688. The Stuart King threw the Great Seal into the Thames and never saw his capital again. His perverse insistence in championing the Catholic faith cost him his crown and he ended his days in exile.

# THE HEARTBREAKER By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

# Honora Starts Out With Arthur Bruce After Learning That Mildred Has Slipped Away With Tom Chandler.

CHAPTER XIX.

Copyright, 1918, Star Company. OR a moment after the car disappeared, Honora Brent Stood motionless, then she went slowly downstairs.
Things had happened so swiftly that at first she could scarcely

grasp their significance. But all at once she appreciated with a spassm of fear and indignation that Mildred had laid her plans carefully and that she, her sister, had been duped. The indiscreet girl was never intended to go with the Bruces, in

spite of her pretended acceptance of their invitation as delivered by Honora. It was to get ready for the automobile ride with Chandler that she had hastened upstairs upon her arrival from the office to don a becoming costume and to dress her hair in a new fashion. She had lied glibly and convinc-ingly during dinner. She had ma-neuvered cleverly to get Honora out of the way when the auto horn

unded the signal for which she These reflections flushed Honora's cheeks with anger. Then her wrath ebbed when she began, as was her habit, to make excuses for her little sister."

Mildred was only a child after all, high-spirited and reckless. But she had gone out alone with Tom Chandler—the man whose name had acquired an unpleasant notoriety in acquired an unpleasant notoriety in Fairlands. Some one might recog-nize Mildred driving alone with "wild Tom Chandler." This was what frightened Honora. For a second she heasitated. Then she made a decision, She would call up the Chandler home and ask

for Tom. She would not give her name, but would ascertain if any one knew where he had gone. If his parents knew it would be a crumb of comfort to her.

Not at Home, She took the receiver from its book and a moment later, had the number for which she asked.

"Is Mr. Thomas Chandler there." she queried, pitching her voice higher than usual in an attempt to

disguise it. "No," came the answer, and she recognized the speaker of Tom's father. "Is there any message I can give him?"

"Why, no-I-I-that is-I won dered where I could get in touch with him this evening," the girl fal-

"He remarked at dinner that he was going to stop at the Brents' house," Dr. Chandler answered, and was then going to drive with one of the girls—I mean young ladies, I believe. With whom I

am talking."
But Honora hung up the receiver
without answering. She felt somewhat reassared because Tom gad what reassared because from his own people. Surely he meant well, or he would have maintained silence with regard to his outing. There was a vague yet not entirely satisfactory consolation in this thought. this thought.

Footsteps sounded on the porch, and Honora ran to the door. In her mind was the faint hope that Midred had perhaps been teasing her and was already back. But it was Arthur Bruce who

stood, hat in hand, waiting for "All ready?" he asked cheerfully.

"Mother is outside in the car. She says to take plenty of wraps, as the nights are cool. But she always says that any way, at all times of the year." His manner was gay and the giri felt a pang of pity as he asked.

"Where is Milly I mean Mildred
Is she getting ready?"
"Why, no-she-she can't go."
Honora said, coloring under the man's surprised gaze.

"Oh! can't she' The three short words were fraught with a disappointment that the speaker strove valiantly to con-Suddenly Honora came to

strange determination. She would If the older woman noticed the girl's confusion, she gave no sign. Arthur's mother was an indefatiga-ble conversationolist and Honora was content to let her talk while the car rolled rapidly over smooth roads leading from Fair-lands to the suburb of Wildwood. When they reached the rambling house in which Mrs. Bruce's till cousin lived, Arthur helped his

mother to alight.

"Won't you come in and wait?"
see this thing through, even if she
must sacrifice the truth in order to
do it. Pity for Arthur and a desire
to protect her sister's name drove
her on.

"She promised a friend at the office to go to a moving picture show," she said awkwardly. "She was sorry to miss the ride with

# DO YOU KNOW THAT---

Persia has no distilleries, breweries or public houses, and native wine is the only intoxicating beverage used.

Some of the finest lace in the world is made by the women of the Philippine Islands from a strong, silky fiber obtained from pineapple

It requires more than a century for a celar tree to grow large enough to yield a thirty-foot teleprone pole. The eucalyptus will attain a larger growth in thirty years, and its wood is quite as

In Spain women take the place of newsboys in the streets.

A flower cut in the morning will last twice as long as one cut later in the day when the sun is shink;

For hundreds of years the Nile floods have not varied ten days in their arrival.

Every hearth or fireplace in Eng-land was taxed in the reign of Charles II.

It has been computed that eight or ten rabbits eat or destroy as much grass as one sheep.

The female brain begin to decline in weight after the age of thirty; the male not till ten years later.

you, but her friend was counting

She Sits With Arthur. sec." Arthur commented, mothering further evidence of chagrin, "I am glad you are going, Don't let's stand here anyway. talking any longer." He stepped aside to allow her to pass out, and, feeling numb and sick at the realization of her decep-tion. Honora went down the steps

to the waiting car and replied po

litely, if somewhat incoherently, to Mrs. Bruce's greeting. Mrs. Bruce asked Honora politely. "Thank you, but I can just as well wait out here," Honora replied. "Please do not bother about me." Arthur accompanied his mother into the house and it was ten min-

utes later when he emerged.
"I'm awfully sorry, Honora, to
have left you alone so long," he
said in a low voice. "Cousin Carrie's pretty ill and mother has de-cided to stay all night. So I'll have to ask you to be content to drive back alone with me."

"Is there nothing I can go?" the girl asked after expressing her sympathy for the invalid. "Nothing except to sit on the cont seat with me." Arthur smiled. They turned back into the road they had so recently traversed. The car had just began to gather speed when from behind them came the raucous warning of an automobile

# (To Be Continued.)

### Drink."

The young, witty-looking Tommy was leaning gracefully across the counter in the bar of the Cow and Caterpillar.

Caterpillar.

Every now and then he would give a twitch to his left arm.

"Shell shock!" whispered a sympathetic observer. "Poor fellow!"

"I wonder if he will tell us shis experiences!" said another man.

The subject of their remarks The subject of their remarks then turned to them and remarked, "I wonder if I shall ever make this darned wrist watch go?

### Knew Them Both.

The young instructor was holding a class on board ship. Grammar was the subject his bright but un interested pupils were trying to

"What are the two principal parts of a sentence?" he asked an old salt. Expecting of course, the an-swer. "Subject and predicate." After much meditation Jack finally plunged into it.
"Solitary confinement and bread and water."

# Painful Position.

A merchant, who had attended his A merchant, who had attended his partner's wedding, at the reception went up to the bride to pay his respects. "I scarcely feel like a stranger," he said in his sweetest tones. "In fact, I feel as though I ought to be well acquainted with my partner's wife, since he has so often done me the honor to read extracts from his dear Susle's let-ters." The faces of the husband and the speaker were puzzles as the bride drew herself up and said emphatically and distinctly. "I beg your pardon, sir: My name is

# And Now the New High Collar



Jr.

By David Cory.

last story in the wicked lord's castle, and Puss had just come out of his room to ask the little bird in the cage how he

"Sh-h-h-h!" said the little bird.
"Sh-h-h-h!" said the little bird.
don't make any noise." So Puss
kept very, very still.
"Open the door of my cage." whis-

pered the little bird. And awan't it strange she wasn't the least bit

afraid of Puss, although most birds

"Now follow me," said the little bird and she flew up a winding

for they were just under the turret roof, you see.

"Now the key of the room hangs on the wail," she said, and she showed Puss the Key. "I will fit around to the window of the maid-

en's room and tap on the bars. And when she asks me what I wish, I will tell her that you have the key

and will open the door if she will

promise not to make a noise."

Then Puss took down the key and

Then Puss took down the key and the little bird flew out of the stairway window and around to the window of the maiden's room, while Puss atoed quietly by the door waiting for the bird to tell him to open it. And pretty zoom he heard a tiny chirp through the keyhole, "Open the door, sir Cat." So he lusted the lock, and opened the door and there stood the lovely.

the door, and there stood the lovely maiden, only, of course, she was very pale and her eyes were red

with crying.

But now, how was Pues to take
the maiden down the clairs through
the eastle? for all the retainers
of the wicked lord were keeping

guard, although it was inidnight.
"We must find a way," chirped
the little bird, and then she looked

out of another window, up to which climbed a stout vine. And as the little hird looked down, little steps seemed to grow as if by magic out

of the woody part of the vin-"Come," said the bird, turning to the maiden. "Look at this wonder-ful vine ladder which grows right

up to the window-sill. Do you sup-

pose you can walk down it with-out falling?"

And then the lovely mainer

bravely stepped over the sill and

bravely stepped over the sill and at once commenced to climb down, while Purs followed carefully and the little bird flew near. Well, at last they reached the courtyard. But, oh, dear me! Not far away stood a rentinel round asleep. "I must get my Good Gray Horse," whispered Purs.

"Wait a minute," whispered the fittle bird, and the flew away, and in a few moments returned with a

retty soon he came out riding his

in the next story you shall hear

what happened after that, Copyright, 1918, David Cory, To Be Continued.

ir of stairs and then she s

OW let me see. We left little Puss Junior in the

for December.

# tured in Good Housekeeping

LOVELORN By BEATRIX FAIRFAX.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAN: I am a girl of twenty and considered good looking. I have a fine position as a stenograph-er. My employer is unmarried and about forty. Lately he has begun to make me little presents. I shouldn't think anything about this if I hadn't heard so much about grets having to be eareful in regard to their employers. We don't have much conversation except on business, but I know he like want him to think our old maid-E. F. G.

on your guard in a case like this, I suppose you understand that you must not accept presents of any from any other man to whom you value either from your employer or are not engaged. Lot if these nifts are of merely triffing value it a stand in regard to hem, Dis-courage him indirectly, fastead, in such a way that neither of you will become self-constant. A girl is of course at liberty to accept presents of flowers and carely

### She Loves a Soldier. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX

A gentleman ! know very well has asked to to rearry him, telling me how much he lover me. I told non to wait for an answer. He is very kind to me, but I do not love kind, for my love is in far-off France. This soldier I love very much, but he never said a word that world make me know he hard me. Still, when I said goot he to him he said, "Remember, I wish to see you the came as I leave you when I come back." I did not get his meaning. Its you think I'd better wait for his return and see how things turn out, and tell the other has I have no love for him? MAY.

You will make a serious mirtake if you become engaged to your present lover while you are decply interested in the soldier, Even if the roldier is not in love with you, you must recover from that attachment before you can promise to love anyone else. Why not tell the man who is now waiting for your answer that your heart is not free?

#### A Dangerous Proximity. DEAR MIS FAIRFAX

I am eighteen and deeply in love with a married man, and forthermore, he pays very much attention to my company, so I ask you to please let me know in what way I could forget him. for we work together.
HEARTBROKEN.

I understand how difficult this is for you. But it is surely most inadvisable for you to continue seeing this man every day, whatever your good resolution as to forgetting him. So my advice is that you find work somewhere else as soon as possible. Don't you see that this is the only effective way of get-ting him out of your mind and

# ADVICE TO THE Puss in Boots ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

IR THOMAS BEECHAM, the famous conductor, is in France learning to fly. He is sometimes referred to as "the man with the magic hands," on account of his wonderful facil-ity for controlling orchestras mere-ly by gestures. Musical England owes Sir Thomas a real debt of gratitude, for no man has made greater efforts to popularize grand

It was one night at Drury Lane that he told this story, as an illus-tration of real devotion.

"Are you ture you love me?" said a pretty girl to her admirer. "Love you!" echoed the smitten one. "Why darling, while I was bidding you good-by on the porch last night your dor bit a piece out of the cult of my leg, and I never noticed it till I got home."

The Steel King and Director-General of our Shipbuilding, "Charley" Schwab, has been amusing the men of the yards with some breezy yarns. Here is one about a man who was dismissed from the ship-"This man got slacker and slacker in his work," says Schwab, so at last his foreman dismissed following morning. 'I thought dismissed you,' aid the foreman, know you did," the mun replied, but don't you do it again; my wife gave me the dickens for it."

Sir Henry Dalziel, who has added the London Daily Chronicle to his list of newspaper purchases, began life as a reporter.

His pushfulness was such that be became M. P. when he was twenty-three, being the "baby of the House." In time he came to enjoy the intimate friendship of Mr. Lloyd George, with whom he toured South America a few years ago, "Sir Henry calls himself "Fr-ell.

and not as spelled, while he hates his photograph to be published so much that he recently ordered all negatives to be destroyed.

Andrew Carnegie, complimented one day on his gifts to the cause

of education, said:

"There is nothing so pathetic as the self-made man who is conscious of his lack of education. These poor fellows seem to think that everybody is educated but themselves "I once heard a man with a dia-sond horzeshee pin any hearsely to watter: Shove over that there

chandelter.

"It hin't a chundelier, mir," said the waiter, as he obeyed. 'It's a

"The man with the diamonds blushed. "Well, never mind what she is," he said, 'shove her over. We sin't all been to college." Not many people know that the

flower in her bill.

"This is the Magic Sleep Flower."

also said: "I will hold it close to
the eleeping sentinel and he will
not awake. Go at once and get
your Good Gray Horse"

So Puss went to the stable and
pretty soon he came out riding his famous actor. Sir Forbes-Robert-son, was once a member of a life-boat crow. He recalled the fact himself the other day in a speech. He was a boy at the time, stay-ing in Cornwall, and when a wreck occurred off the coast he willingly pretty 100n he came out runing his faithful four-footed friend. And then the lovely maiden climbed up behind him and they went 'out through the castle gates, which open of themselves when the little bird said the magic words:

"Open, open, gates to me" And the next story you shall hear occurred off the coast he willingly lent his assistance. Pulling a great aweep, he rowed with the stalwart Cornishmen. What he felt is eld ently expressed in his own terms "Frankly, ladies and gentlemen." he said, "I was in an awful funk." This need not be recorded as a black mark against Sir Forbes, The under the handicap of terror.

# The Club-Footed Man

# A NEW SPY SERIAL BY VALENTINE WILLIAMS smart waist. The new high collar is finished Desmond Rifles Pockets of Man Who Dropped Dead Just Outside His Door.

Destiny Knocks at the Door.
Then I thought of the man next door, his painful breathlessness, his bluish lips, when I found him wrestling with his key, and I guesse who was my nocturnal visitor ly-ing prone in the dark at my feet. Shielding the candle with my hand I rekindled it. Then I grappled

with the flapping curtains and got the windows shut. Then only did I raise my candle until its beams shone down upon the silent figure lying across the threshold of the It was the man from No. 33. He was quite dead. His face was livid and distorted, his eyes glassy be-tween the half-closed lids, while his

fingers, still stiffly clutching, showed paint and varnish and dust beneath the nails where he had pawed door and carpet in his death One did not need to be a doctor to see that a heart attack had swiftly and suddenly struck him down. Now that I knew the worst I acted with decision. I dragged the body by the shoulders into the room until it lay in the center of the carpet. Then I locked the door.

The foreboding of evil that had cast its black shadow over my thoughts from the moment I crossed the threshold of this sinister hotel came over me strongly again. In-deed, my position was, to say the least, scarcely enviable. Here was I. a British officer with British papers of identity, about to be dis-covered in a German hotel, into which I had introduced myself under false pretenses, at dead of night alone with the corpse of a German or Austrian (for such the dead man apparently was)!

It was undoubtedly a most awk-ward fix.

I listened. Everything in the hotel was slient

as the grave.
I turned from my gloomy forebodings to look again at the stranger. In his crisp black hair and slightly protuberant cheek-bones I traced again the hint of lewish ancestry I had remarked before. Now that the man's eyes—his big, thoughtful eyes that had stared at me out of the darkness of the corridor-were closed, he looked far less foreign than before: in fact he might almost have passed as an Englishman.

He was a young man-about my own age, I judged-(I shall be twenty-eight next birthday) and about my own height, which is five feet ten. There was something about his appearance and build that struck a chord very faintly in my

Had I seen the fellow before? I remembered now that I had no-ticed something oddly familiar about him when I first saw him for that brief moment in the corridor.
I looked down at him again as he lay on his back on the faded carpet.

I brought the candle down closer and scanned his features. He certainly looked less foreign than he did before. He might not be a German after all, more likely a Hungarian or a Pole, perhapa even a Dutchman. His German had been too flawless for a Frenchman for a Hungarian, either, for that

I leant back on my knees to ease my cramped position. As I did so caught a glimpse of the stranger's why! He reminded me of Fran-

cis a little! There certainly was a suggestion of my brother in the man's ap-ance. Was it the thick black the small dark mustache? Was it the well-chiseled mouth% It was rather a bint of Francis than a re-semblance to him.

The stranger was fully dressed, The jacket of his blue serge suit had fallen open and I saw a port-folio in the inner breast pocket. Here, I thought, might be a clue to the dead man's identity. I fished out the portfolio, then rapidly ran my fingers over the stranger's other I left the portfolio to the last.

The jacket pockets contained nothing clse except a white silk handkerchief unmarked. In the right-hand top pocket of the waist-was a neat silver eigarette case, perfectly plain, containing half a dozen eigarettes. I took one out and looked at it. It was a Mclania, a cigarette I happen to know for they stock them at one of my clubs, the Dionysus, and it chances to be the only place in London where you can t the brand. It looked as if my unknown friend

had come from London.

There was also a plain silver watch of Swiss make. In the trousers pocket was some change, a little English silver and

## Ignorance Is Bliss.

One day a farmer went to the earest market town to buy a bushof of seed wheat. As the salesman was away, his wife was serving, and, taking up the peck measure, the filled it twice, poured the conents into a bog, and began to tie it up, "But. Mrs. Lawton," said the farmer, "it takes four pecks to make a bushel." "Oh, does it?" replied the woman, untieing the bac, Well, you see, I never had any ex-perience in measuring grain before was married-I was a sechool teacher!"

## A Matter of Make.

"Yes," said the American, re-counting his battle advanturess to an admiring listener, standing open-mouth before him, "a boche shell came along and hit me in the neck."
"And you are alive now?" gasped

the listener. "Yep." replied the American. You see, stranger, the shall was made in Germany, but my little ole collar stud was made in the U. S. A. And I guess the squib subsided. was some stud!"

coppers, some Dutch silver and paper money. In the right-hand trouser pocket was a bunch of keys. That was all.

I put the different articles on the floor beside me. Then I got up, put the candle on the table, drew the chair up to it and opened the portfolio.

In a little pocket of the inner flap were visiting cards. Some were simply engraved with the name in small letters:

Dr. Semlin Others were more detailed:

Dr. Semlin, Brooklyn, N. Y. The Halewright Mfg. Coy., Ltd

There were also half a dozen

Dr. Semlin. 333 E. 73d St., Rivington Park House.

In the packet of cards was a solltary one, larger than the rest, an expensive affair on the thick highly glazed miliboard, bearing in gothic characters the name:

OTTO VON STEINHARDT

On this card was written in pencil. above the name:

"Hotel Sixt, Vos in't Tuintje," and
in brackets, thus: "[Mme. Anna.
Schratt.]"

In another pocket of the portfolio was an American passport surmounted by a flaming eagle and scaled with a vast red seal, sending greetings to all and sundry on behalf of Henry Semlin, a United States citizen, traveling to Europe. Details in the body of the document set forth that Henry Semlin was born at Brooklyn on 31st March. 1886, that his hair was black, nose aquiline, chin firm, and that of special marks he had none. The description was good enough to show me that it was undoubtedly the body of Henry Semlin that lay at my feet.

The passport had been issued at Washington three months earlier. The only vies it bore was that of the American embassy in London, dated two days previously. With it was a British permit, issued to Henry Semlin, manufacturer, grant-ing him authority to leave the united Kingdom for the purpose of traveling to Rotterdam, further a bill for luncheon served on board the Dutch Royal Mail steamer Kon-

ingin Regentes on yesterday's date. In the long and anguishing weeks that followed on that anxious night in the Hotel of the Vos in't Tuintje, I have often wondered to what malicious promptings, to what insane impulse. I owed the idea that sud-denly germinated in my brain as I sat fingering the dead man's lettercase in that squalld room. The im-pulse sprang into my brain like a flash and like a flash I acted on it. though I can hadly believe I meant to pursue it to its logical conclusion until I stood once more outside the

door of my room. The examination of the dead man's papers had shown me that he was an American business man, who had just come from London, having but recently proceeded to England from the United States. What puzzled me was why an

American manufacturer, seemingly of some substance and decently dressed, should go to a German hotel on the recommendation of a German, from his name, and the style of his room his name, and the style of his visiting card, a man of good family. Semlin might, of course, have been, like myself, a traveler benighted in Rotterdam, owing his recommendation to the hotel to a German acquaintance in the city. Still, Americans are cautious folks and I found it rather improbable. and I found it rather improbable that this American business man should adventure himself into this evil-looking house with a large sum of money on his person—he had sev-eral hundred pounds of money in Dutch currency notes in a thick wad in his portfolio.

I knew that the British authorities discouraged, as far as they could, neutrals traveling to and fro between England and Germany in war-time. Possibly Semlin want-ed to do business in Germany on his European trip as well as in Eng-land. Knowing the attitude of the British authorities he may well have made his arrangements in Hol-land for getting into Germany lest the British police should get wind

of his purpose and stop him cross-ing to Rotterdam. But his German was so flawless, with no trace of Americanism in voice or accent. And I knew what good use the German Intelligence had made of neutral passports in the past. Therefore I determined to go next door and have a look at Dr. Semlin's luggage. In the back of my mind was ever that harebrain resolve, half-formed as yet none the less firmly rooted in my

Taking up my candle again, I stole out of the room. As I stood in the corridor and turned to lock the bedroom door behind me, the mirror at the end of the passage caught the reflection of my candle.

I looked and saw myself in the glass, a white, staring face.
I looked again. Then I fathomed
the riddle that had puzzled me in the dead face of the stranger in my

that his features suggested.

It was mine
The next moment I found myself
in No. 33. I could se no sign of the key of the room. Semin must have dropped it in his fall, so it behooved me to make haste for fear of any me to make haste for fear of any untoward interruption. I had not et heard eleven strike on the

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## "DEMOBILIZATION" By FONTAINE FOX.



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